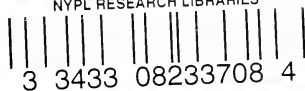
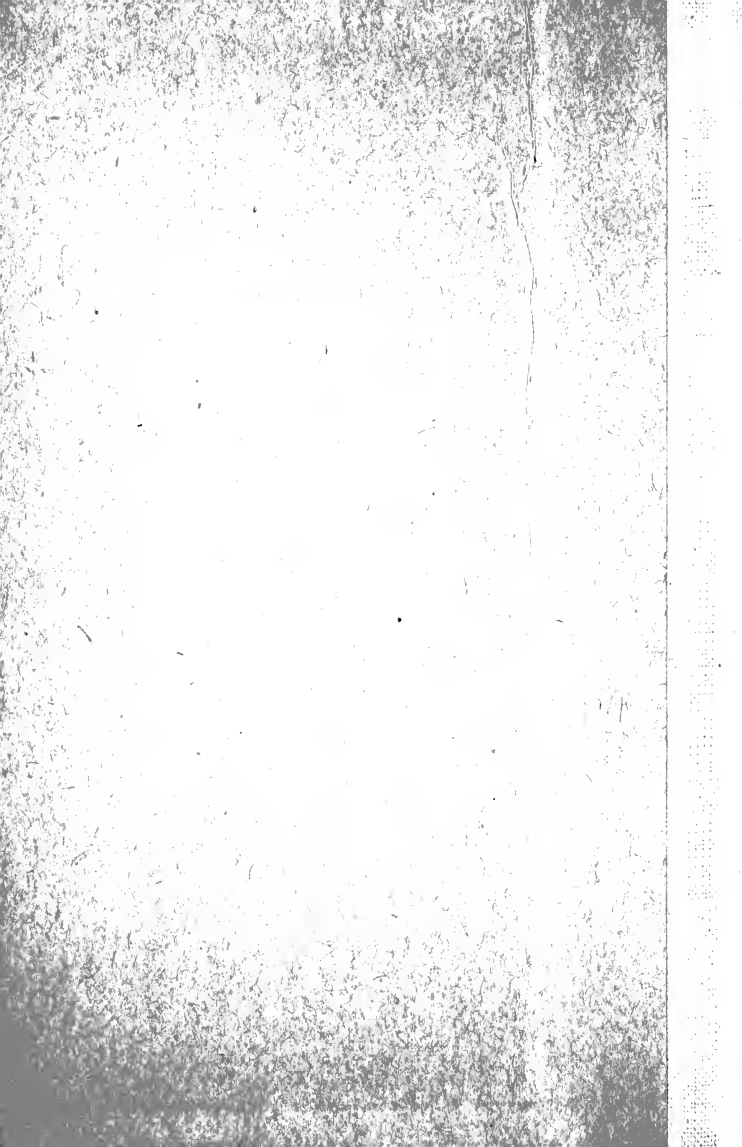


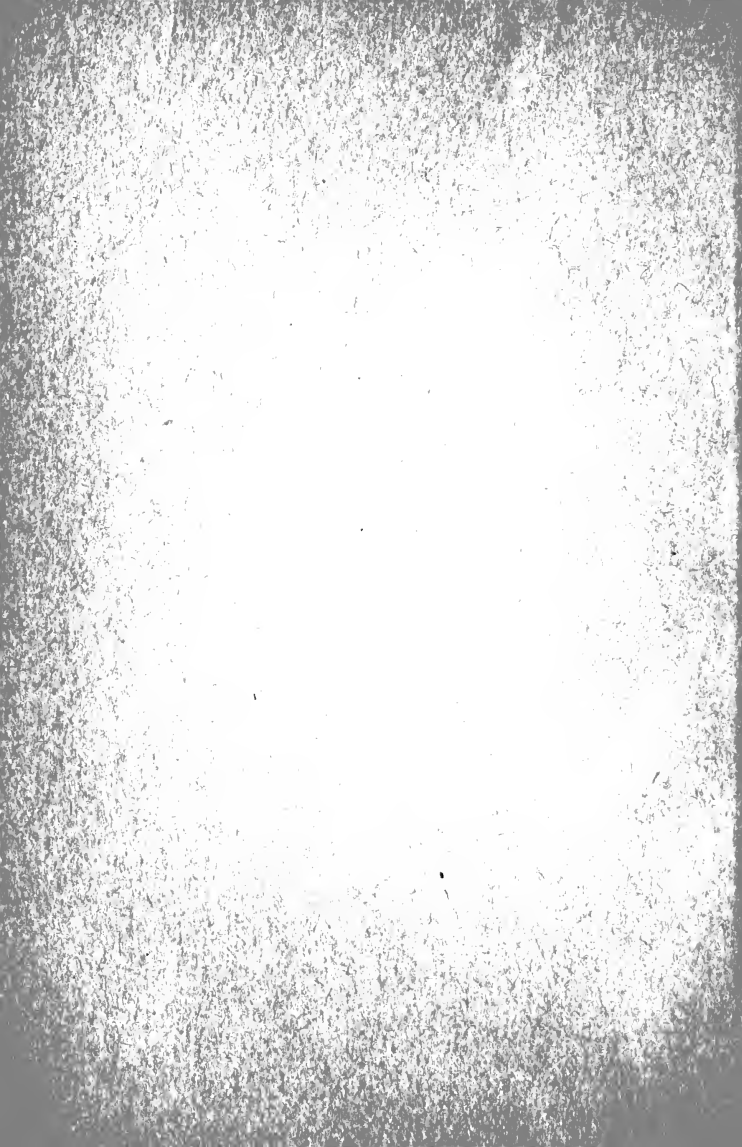
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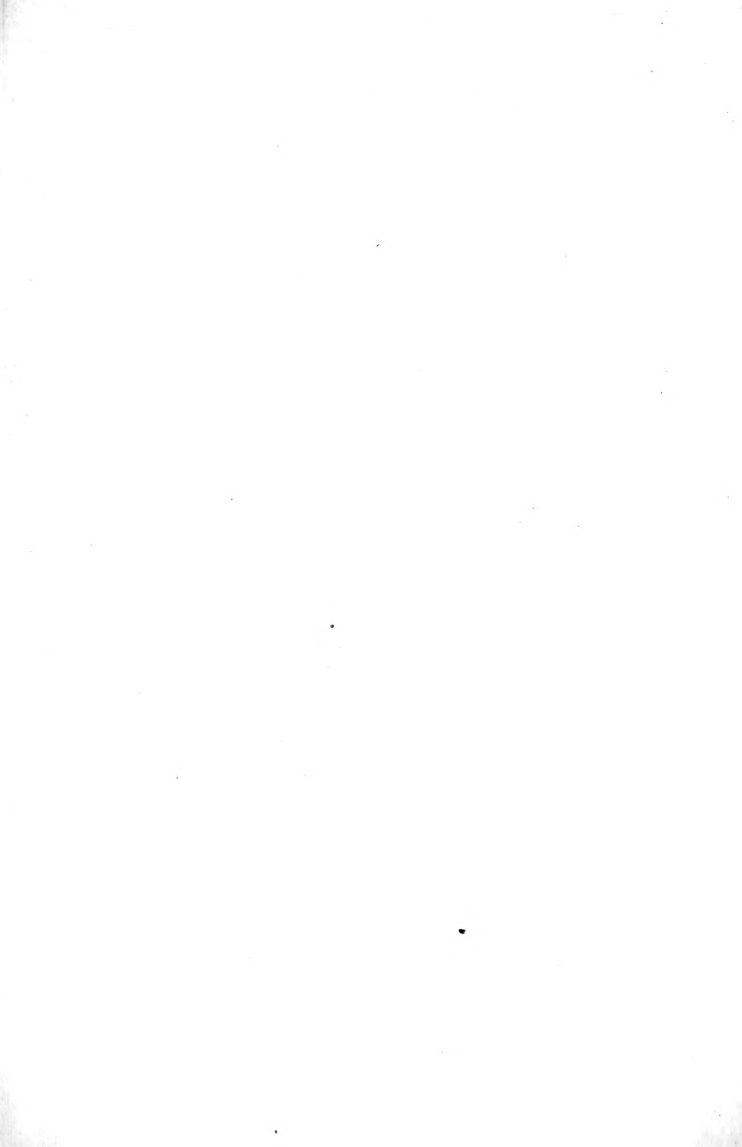
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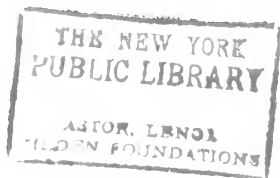
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To my dear Niece
Martha L. Jackson
with love and congratulations
from Aunt Josephine.

Oct 9 1895.

Williamsburg Ky.





MINNIE D. BATEHAM.

THE INVALID SINGER

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MINNIE D. BATEHAM

EDITED

BY HER MOTHER

MRS. J. C. BATEHAM



BOSTON

JAMES H. EARLE, PUBLISHER

178 WASHINGTON STREET

1895



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INTRODUCTION.

ONE of the sweetest songsters of the morning, MINNIE D. BATEHAM, was promoted to the heavenly choir, October 30, 1885.

Cradled in the sunshine of a happy home, and the centre of many loving hearts, she folded her wings under the touch of the angel of suffering when but twelve years old, and for weary months and years bore such intense pain that it was a marvel the frail body endured.

These bright carols were, many of them, written under this stress, and show the marvelous triumph of the soul over the body.

Never again was Minnie to be wholly free from her chains, yet she became a fine student and an earnest worker for Christ, as well as a true poet of the heart, and her great luminous eyes and bright face always bore a message of faith and love, till in early womanhood the cage

was opened, and the freed spirit entered the larger life for which it had been in training.

From that day it has been the cherished design of her mother to share with others the rich legacy of so brave and fruitful a life, yet ten years' absorption in the arduous work given her by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union has heretofore left no room for this work of love.

Minnie was not an angel, as will be seen; she was very human, but she was a temple of the Holy Spirit, and to-day we re-light her taper and set it on a candlestick, believing its steady light will be stimulating to many young people, and to the CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS, to whom the book is dedicated by the author.

MRS. J. C. BATEHAM.

WILLIAMSBURG, KY., 1894.

• • • Part First. • • •



THE SINGER.

“ And shall not God’s dear children
Well know, that life’s best gain
Must be wrought out through weary days
Of patient grief and pain ? ”

THE INVALID SINGER.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

MR. B. BATEHAM, Minnie's father, was born in Kent County, England, where his father was an uncompromising Methodist and a sturdy leader of that denomination in Maidstone, when it involved persecution for principle. The family early removed to Rochester, N. Y., where her father received his education and went into business, removing later to Columbus, Ohio. He was an eminent horticulturist and writer, known and honored everywhere.

Josephine Penfield, Minnie's mother, traces her genealogy back through a New England ancestry two hundred and fifty years. She was brought up, and educated at Oberlin, Ohio. After a

year of post-graduate study she married Rev. R. Cushman of South Attleboro, Mass., and went as missionary to St. Marc, Hayti, where they established a school.

She passed through many thrilling experiences, lost her husband, conducted the funeral services in a foreign tongue—the only white woman within ninety miles—then, unable to carry on the mission single-handed, returned a widow to her parents' home before she was twenty years of age.

She subsequently married Mr. Bateham, and for fourteen years they resided in Columbus, Ohio, and jointly edited the *Ohio Cultivator*, removing later to Painesville, Ohio.

Of the seven children that constituted their family group, little Minnie was the oldest daughter, and was born at Columbus, March 14, 1856. She was named Minerva Dayton, for her honored grandmother Cowles, though, according to the usage of the times, she was always known to her friends as Minnie Bateham.

With a strong constitution and good health, she passed a sunny, happy childhood, brightened by a strong imagination, which sometimes made it difficult for her to distinguish between

fact and fancy, as, when cradled in her mother's arms, she said "pretty angels had played with her on the lawn and she wanted to go away with them, but they wouldn't let her." Her thoughts were even then often spontaneously expressed in rhyme. When but four years old she carried a picture of an organ-grinder to her brother and explained, "There's the man that's got the music, and the monkey sitting down, and the plate where they've been eating, and the people all around."

Two or three years later it was so much her habit to tell stories to other children or her dolls, in rhyme, that her mother gathered quite a collection, which she jotted down without the child's knowledge. Sometimes it was a romance; sometimes she told of her home, where

"You can see the pretty flowers,
And can watch the April showers.
The pears and peaches are ripening too,
And the gay old cock says cock-a-doodle-doo."

Sometimes there were pretty conceits, as in the last verse of "Beautiful Snow," written without help when eight years old:

"Beautiful snow, so pretty at night,
Making everything look so light;
How softly they float on the evening air,
Those beautiful snow-flakes, pure and fair."

* * * *

"How bright is the snow where the sun strikes
the hill,
But the angels' garments are whiter still,
And the angels themselves are purer far
Than even these delicate snowflakes are."

Consecrated to God by her mother from the first consciousness of motherhood, set apart for Him in her infancy, and surrounded always with helpful influences, the loving presence of Jesus seemed as real to Minnie as that of her parents, and she said in later life, "It seems to me I have always loved the Savior;" yet in her ninth year, during meetings held by Mr. Hammond, the Child's Evangelist, her religion took on a more decided type. On her ninth birthday she wrote:

"To-day is my birthday, and I am so glad!
'Tis the happiest day I ever have had."

The soft winds are blowing, the robins have
come;

They must know it's my birthday, so sweet is
their song.

* * * *

"Mr. Hammond has been here and talked so
with me,

A good Christian girl I am sure I shall be.

To Jesus I've given my heart 'just now,'

And will love him and please him the best I
know how."

Later, she recorded this

"MORNING PRAYER.

"Blessed Jesus, hear me pray:

Help me to be good to-day;

Help me to temptations meet,

In the house and on the street;

Without yielding to them ever,

Help me, Christ, in my endeavor!

"Help me when I go to school,

There to keep the golden rule;

Make me kind to baby brother,

And obedient to my mother;

All my many sins forgive,
And live with me while I live."

The Sabbath was the red-letter day for Minnie and all the children, who never counted it a weariness to sit through the church service; in fact, while it was made attractive, they were never consulted about attendance, their parents preferring that habit should lead them with its strong chain to, instead of from, the house of God. The Sabbath school, family worship and home song-service were always enjoyed, and especially the visit with mother, which was the great treat of the week, when singing, stories, prayer, in which each took a turn, and mutual confidences about the right and wrong doing of the week were delightfully mingled, and new motto verses given—the whole ending with something good to eat.

Minnie was not precocious in her studies, preferring out-door play, yet always acquitted herself well, especially in composition. At home French was sometimes the only language mother would use with the children, and they became proficient enough to astonish their schoolmates. This stimulated Minnie, who

announced that they were learning another language, and she did in fact invent something which she called the Tuten language, having a simple system which she taught the others, and they delighted in mystifying mother with their conversation which she could not understand, till they turned the tables and became teacher.

A little cousin of Minnie's, a child of foreign missionaries, having been sent to grandmother Cowles for education, Minnie went for a few months, when twelve years old, to be her companion, and attended school at Oberlin, making some permanent friends by her sweet ways and quaint speeches.

We extract from one of her school compositions this account of an early episode in her life :

“HOW I WAS SHUT UP IN JAIL.

“When I was very small and living at Columbus, I visited my grandmother at Oberlin.

“Finally father wrote to have me sent to Cleveland to meet him, so they sent me by Mrs. Fitch, who was going to see her husband, who was there in jail. He was not in prison for

doing wrong, but because he was suspected of having helped a poor slave to escape from his master. Father did not get grandma's letter and could not find us nor we him; so Mrs. Fitch took me to jail with her, and after a few days Uncle John came and took me back to Oberlin.

"Meanwhile, I was staying in jail. One of my old teachers from Columbus and some other good men were in jail for the same reason, and though everything was very strange, I enjoyed myself pretty well."

CHAPTER II.

THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING.

IMMEDIATELY after her return from Oberlin occurred the circumstances which resulted in Minnie's long martyrdom of suffering. She went as visitor to the school her younger sister attended, and in preparation for the closing exercises they were detained to a late hour, and a cold rain setting in, both were wet and chilled through before reaching home. Vigorous means were used to prevent evil results, but in Minnie's case unsuccessfully, as she seemed to have rheumatism; and in just a week from the wetting, when she sprang from her bed in the morning, she dropped on the floor and could not rise. Her father heard her call, and bore her to her mother's room and laid her down, there to remain for years.

What seemed a violent attack of inflammatory rheumatism proved to be necrosis, an inflammation of the membrane covering the

bone, in nature similar to a felon, but on a large scale. The disease gradually spread till it involved the whole bone system; literally scores of abscesses from time to time, and sometimes six or eight at once, being employed in throwing out the dead bone, sometimes in large pieces, from every part of the body except the right arm.

Severe surgical operations were repeatedly resorted to in the vain hope of arresting the disease, and so intense was the suffering that for weary weeks and months the most powerful anodynes were constantly administered by turns, though scarcely lessening the pain, and the wings of the death-angel seemed always hovering near. During all this time she was not only a helpless sufferer, but usually motionless on her special hospital cot, the slightest change of position causing extreme agony. As no other hands could touch her so gently, mother was the constant nurse, and father soothed the intense nervous suffering by hours of gentle rubbing.

I cull from letters written that year: "Minnie prays a great deal both when sane and delirious, and asks to have the Bible read.

Her mind often wanders, but as soon as it is clear she asks for it again. 'Do you think I am patient?' she asked to-day. 'You don't know how hard I try to be, or how hard it is.' At other times, 'Oh, I'm not as good as I ought to be! oh, I'm not! I'm not! How could I live without prayer!' At another time she said, 'Why doesn't God hear prayer for *me*? everybody prays for me and still I grow worse all the time. And what troubles me most is that Jesus never seems near, helping me to bear it; why doesn't He? I pray for it and am willing His will should be done, and I know He loves me; but I don't seem to love Him. I cry over it and pray about it, and it does no good. Ask grandpa to pray that I may love Jesus more, and feel His presence.' 'O, dear Jesus, please let me die,' is on her lips many and many a time. 'There'll be no pain there — no pain; oh, take me home.' And again, 'I can't express the longing I have to go and leave this poor body, and be with Jesus.'"

She sometimes realized that her frequent spiritual depression was the natural result of physical causes, and that Jesus' face was just as smiling, even when a cloud obscured her

vision. Receiving a basket of rosebuds and pansies, she found among them this verse, which she adopted as her motto :

“Under the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge till these calamities be overpast.”

She had no shrinking from death itself, and wrote :

“DEATH’S GATEWAY.

“Christians should not fear to die,
Not at all.

Turning from our friends and mates,
Entering the pearly gates,
Where our loved Redeemer waits ;
That is all.

“Though we suffer here, we know
He’s our Friend ;
Our dear Savior, kind and true,
He will help and bear us through,
Till Mount Zion comes in view
At the end.

“Glad we’ll leave our troubled life
Here below.

For in heaven we ne'er shall sin ;
Perfect happiness we'll win ;
Naught impure can enter in,
That we know."

As time passed on she had longer intervals of rest from pain, and these became still longer, until the prospect changed from that of a speedy journey to the palace of the King, which she so greatly coveted, to one of life-long invalidism and suffering ; yet her sweet spirit never really murmured. Once, during long and weary pain, she cried out, "Oh, why should *I* have to suffer all this ; *I*, who dread pain worse, and suffer more with it, than almost any person living. I cannot bear it !" quickly adding, "Oh, I don't know what I am saying ; I suffer so." Usually she had no expression but of the resignation so sweetly voiced in verses written about this time.

"SHUT IN.

"How well I loved in early spring
To roam the meadows through,
To hear the wild birds sweetly sing,
And hunt the violets blue.

“Now I lie quiet on my bed,
And cannot even move ;
But then the others tell me all,
And bring the flowers I love.

“And I can from the windows look,
And breathe the balmy air,
And soon, I'll hope, be wheeled around
Reclining in my chair.

“This is the second spring that here
In helplessness I've lain ;
And possibly I ne'er shall be
Able to walk again.

“But when all nature's putting on,
Of green leaves, all her wealth,
I hope that He who made the Spring
Will raise me up to health.

“But still I say, ‘Thy will be done,’
And surely feel that He
Who cares for every tender flower
Knows what is best for me.”

At family worship on Thanksgiving Day,
November, 1871, each child as well as the pa-
rents presented on a slip of paper the thing he

was most thankful for; from "a pair of new boots" to "the love of Jesus." Minnie's contribution read: "I am thankful for our unbroken family circle. Longfellow says: 'There is no flock, however watched and tended, but one dead lamb is there;,' and it is certainly rare to find so large a family as ours from which not one has been taken. Truly the Lord has been very good to us. Let us try to make our family circle like a sweet harp; producing only sounds of harmony and love, with no discords to mar the music of our daily life; for ere we meet for next year's Thanksgiving, one loved face may be missing, and one harp-string broken, so that our harp may no more produce perfect melody.

"Children, ere the dread destroyer
Sets his seal on lip and brow,
Let us love, and let us show it,
Show it always, show it now."

CHAPTER III.

CONVALESCENCE AND FLAMES.

AFTER seventeen months, Minnie was so far recovered as to be lifted into an invalid chair, still flat on her back, and was wheeled gently out among the flowers she loved. "It was so beautiful," she wrote, "to see the blue sky and be under the green trees; it was almost like being well." Games, knitting and embroidery, as well as pen and books served to divert her thoughts, and her needle helped in preparation for the festival of her loved Mission Band, and her verses greeted her returning pastor.

In December, 1870, she wrote: "My two sisters and I, with fifteen others, are to join the church next Sabbath, and my pastor and two deacons will administer the sacrament to me afterward. We are hoping for a great revival this winter."

Early the next spring, after long suffering, and only one week after a most trying surgical operation, her mother was persuaded to take a

ride in the fresh air, leaving Minnie with her father. In her absence the house took fire and was speedily burned to the ground, the last wing falling in just as the mother drove up. Kind neighbors had done what they could, and Minnie had been lifted out on her mattress and laid on the lawn. It had been a narrow escape for life, as the roof fell in while they were crossing the threshold and the room was instantly filled with fire and debris. Before help arrived, Minnie had been left alone while her father tried to put out the fire. On being asked if she was not afraid to be alone so long, while she heard the flames crackling on every side, she said: "Not much; I kept still and prayed all the time, and I knew father would not let me burn, for he promised to take me out as soon as others came to help."

With the aid of the same kind friends the family were comfortably located elsewhere before nightfall, and Minnie bore the removal and changes without permanent injury, and joined the family thanksgiving for spared lives and loving friends. "Our Twin Oaks"—whose tragic death is portrayed on page 82—is a memorial of this fire.

CHAPTER IV.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

TO enlarge and sweeten the child's shut-in life, her mother usually spent a part of each day reading aloud from the best poets and prose writers, and in her comfortable hours Minnie pursued her own studies, wrote letters and competed, usually with success, for prizes offered by different periodicals for the literary productions of children. And this, too, under almost insurmountable difficulties, as for more than thirty slow months she lay mostly in one position, having at the best the free use only of her head and right arm and the fingers of the left hand. But with a low desk resting on the bed, she became quite independent.

In a letter to a friend she writes: "I am fourteen now, and have not left my bed for more than two years, and write lying flat on my back; but I can usually read and write and study, and my friends are very kind, and I teach my little

brother; so on the whole I guess I enjoy life as well as most people do, if I cannot walk or even sit up."

"My Flowers," "Snow Fancies," "Take Hold of my Hand," and many others were written about this time.

After the terrible Chicago fire of 1871, she wrote to an editor friend. "Dear Editor:—I write to tell you of our deep sympathy in your losses. We are glad your paper, recovering from its burning fever, will soon be able to visit us again. I wish I could do something for you, and, not having drawn my prize money yet, I ask you to accept the draft which I now return. We know how to sympathize with you, having been ourselves burned out last winter. May God bless and prosper you!— Your friend,

"MINNIE D. BATEHAM."

Here is a specimen of her ingenious amusement, each stanza containing every letter of the alphabet:

"THE QUESTION.

"My Lizzie expected to visit big Jake,
And feared she must answer the question at
stake,

"Which was whether Mabel in earnest did say Fritz's views were quixotic, or only in play.

"As Mabel was joking, Fritz quickly excused, And verily hoped they'd be friends as they used."

A more elaborate specimen, using only the vowel I, won a prize from *Little Corporal Magazine* for the best and longest story using but one vowel throughout. Minnie's used over 1200 I's, and its style may be gathered from the first sentence: "*Miss Higgins's First Night in Mississippi*. Sir Philip Irving's third child, Phil, liking driving in mild spring nights, is riding with Miss Lil Higgins (Miss Higgins is visiting Sir Philip Irving) in his gig, in this diminishing light, drinking in inspiring sights in this wild district in Mississippi."

She delighted in anagrams, making at one time 800 English words from the title "Prince Alexis."

In a letter of thanks for a beautiful engraving, Minnie wrote of her pretty room and its many pictures, adding: "The most beautiful of all to me is the Wreathed Cross, because of its hopeful and comforting suggestions. I think it shows how our crosses, painful and wearing

as they may be, can be changed into things of beauty and even joy, if they are wreathed about with the flowers of faith and trust and love. With pictures and flowers one may almost forget the outside world. All last winter our south windows were bright with blossoms and the air was filled with their fragrance, while high over all, the beautiful ivies went climbing, climbing up and around the pictures, wreathing the whole with beauty. Do you think this a small pleasure to an invalid to have such a bower of beauty continually before the eyes? No; thank God for pictures and flowers."

All the children wrote occasional notes to mother, and one of Minnie's this year reads: "Dear, dear mother, do you really think I am growing more like Jesus? As I look back from day to day I can see no improvement, and I know I do many wrong things; sometimes I am almost discouraged. I do want and try to be better, but the upward path *is* straight and narrow, and I often stumble and fall. Good-bye, dear mother; you have your trials and I have mine; let us pray for each other. Pray that I may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour.

"Your loving daughter, "MINNIE."

CHAPTER V.

SISTER LOUISE.

ONE of the greatest shocks of her life came to Minnie in 1872, in the death of her sister, Louise Lovell, twelve and a half years old, to whom "A June Blossom"—page 112—is her beautiful tribute. Though diffident and shy, Louise always won love by her gentle voice, warm heart, and uniform self-forgetful ministry to others.

She was well advanced in her studies, yet spent so many happy hours out of doors under her father's guidance, that just before her death she took from *Hearth and Home* the highest prize over several hundred competitors for the largest list of correctly named native flowers seen in bloom in May, 1872. The study and work this involved, in addition to school duties, was probably too severe a strain, and after a week's illness she died of peritonitis.

She was a consistent Christian, and the Testament, found in her school-dress pocket, was marked all through with the passages she loved, many of them about death and heaven; and when in her last illness her mother said to her, "We think Jesus wants you up in heaven, and will come for you very soon," she said, "Do you mean that I am going to die?" "Yes, dear." "Oh, how good God is, how good He is!" she answered. "Do you want to go?" "Oh, yes; only think of it! I shall see Him as He is, see Him as He is. Oh, mamma dear, how good God is!"

The world-old question, "Why," came to Minnie, and she queried why one so strong and one loving life was taken from those who needed her, while she who longed to go must still wait in helplessness for her summons? Yet she fully trusted Jesus, and began from this time to cherish the hope that, through her own gift of writing, trained under the Master's eye, she might be designed to bear a helpful message to others.

All that summer Minnie was herself so great a sufferer, her life was often despaired of, and she wrote once: "I am in pain every minute,

and it would be bliss to know I, too, should not live a year." A touching little poem, entitled "Waiting," from her pen, expressed this longing.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAINING FOR SERVICE.

MINNIE loved Paul's motto, "I keep my body under." The poem, "The Soul's Supremacy,"—page 111—shows the resolution with which she maintained her independence, even now, when the citadel was threatened. When again she rallied, and from that time on through life, whenever the freedom from pain permitted, she bent herself to the task of systematically training and educating her mind by pursuing her high-school studies, taking the Chautauqua course of study, and later by the thorough study of Greek, which was a favorite with her.

She loved study, yet with all her weakness and pain she could never have held herself to her work and made the thorough student she did, with no help but such as her parents and pastor and the Greek club could give, had she not been enthused with love for the personal

Jesus. For Him she wished to make the most of every power He had given, that she might use them for His glory and the good of those for whom He had died. This consecration and hope illumined every hour. She would work out the Master's thought for her. She writes:

“O, thou great Architect, whose least designs
Grow to creations, plan my life for me!
Sign with Thy Name of power the contract lines,
And but the humble laborer I will be,
Whose daily toil beneath a wise command
Works out the pattern in the Master's hand.”

Present opportunities for service and the training these afforded, were never lost sight of. Her large, sunny room was the most attractive family gathering room, and only eternity can show the influence upon the others of her brave patience, her ready sympathy and helpfulness, and the contagious buoyancy of her spirits. Even baby brother, of whom she wrote page 79, if he hurt himself, would run to Minnie to “kiss it well.” For years she was the children's teacher, and when her sisters were at college, and brother teaching, or in business, Minnie wrote most of the family let-

ters, and bright, cheery, newsy letters they were. Her skillful needle was often in demand, and she was as proud of her beautiful darning as her embroidery or crochet. "Temple Sweepers," one of her poems, illustrates the governing impulse of her life.

When sixteen she was announced as regular contributor to the *Young Folk's Record*, and from this correspondence we make two extracts. In an article on "Four-footed Friends," she says: "I hardly think we can grow up to be good, true, noble men and women, such as we all want to be, if we hate or are unkind to any of God's dumb creatures."

Writing of the Family Improvement Society, and its successful efforts to banish the slang that had crept in unawares, she closes by saying: "Mistakes in grammar or pronunciation are now rare, and slang almost unknown. Even little Charlie, four years old, often corrects himself when he makes a mistake, with perfect gravity, as if it were a matter of course. On Friday comes our family sociable, when father and mother always give an evening to us children, and let almost nothing interfere with it, and we look forward to it and prepare for

it all the week. First, we have the Improvement Society's report and prizes; then games of all kinds, music and readings; and lastly, any nice eatables we have in the house, such as nuts, fruit, popcorn and candy. We wish all children could have as happy times as we."

CHAPTER VII.

PRAYER CURE AND THE CRUSADE.

FOR months in 1873 the loved teaching and study were again dropped, and dreary pain was her constant companion. Of this time her mother wrote: "Whether Minnie will rally again, as I am inclined to expect, or sink rapidly we cannot tell; one thing is certain: for four years she has not at any time suffered so severely as the past few weeks. It is agony to her and to us. She is so low and looks so corpse-like, we often watch to see if she still breathes, and a child's footfall hurts her. It will seem like a resurrection if she is restored; we long to be able to move her just a little." When slowly rallying, friends besought her to try "Prayer Cure," and many from far and near joined Minnie and her parents in earnest prayer for her complete recovery. Yet, while believing and claiming God's ample promises to importunate and faith-filled prayers, even for

temporal things, they realized that the strongest faith, being coupled with human short-sightedness and ignorance, must still voluntarily leave the results to be decided by infinite wisdom and love.

Minnie's own faith was strong and she gained rapidly, and in September was so far recovered as to stand on her feet, substitute crutches for the wheel-chair with which she had for some time moved about the rooms; and also to take her first ride on a buggy seat, instead of having her chair lifted into the carriage. At this time she wrote, "Mother says there are other ways of prayer cure, besides being healed all in a minute."

But in October she wrote: "I am much worse again, and both back and head are threatened. I thought I ought to tell you and all who are helping us in the prayer cure, so that they may join us in prayer that this may be averted. It would seem discouraging, when I am getting along so nicely, to go clear back again, but I have strong faith that it will not happen, that He is only trying our faith. But if it should be best, surely I should not be the one to complain,

when He has been so good to me. I am very happy and content."

A few weeks of sharp suffering followed, and then she became even better than before, and the next year was able to throw aside her crutches and walk without assistance.

In March, 1874, the Woman's Temperance Crusade, with its wave of excitement sweeping through Ohio, struck Painesville; and by the earnest wish of husband, children and friends, Minnie's mother yielded to an urgent call and became its local leader, while Minnie sympathized heartily at every step. Her buggy was often on the outskirts of the crowd that always attended the street meetings, and no one was happier than she when, at the first surrender, she saw the beer emptied into the gutter, and the crowd struck up, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." From Minnie's regular reports to Oberlin friends I make one extract.

"The work is getting spicy. Mr. B. still refuses to let the ladies in, and they hold a sidewalk meeting, but they are well treated at all the other places except by S. He proves to be the Van Pelt of Painesville. Time before last

when they visited him, he urged them all inside (they usually extended out on the walk), then shut and locked the doors, built a raging hot fire in the stove, and set several men to smoking tobacco behind the screen partition. The ladies would not be driven out, however; they took off their wraps, found seats for the weak ones, stayed *an hour*, and had a good meeting.

“Yesterday the ladies adopted new tactics and made an evening attack on the saloons. They divided into three bands and took them all by surprise, found the rooms full of men playing billiards, and had good audiences. Mother’s band visited S. and found him very mad at their coming in the evening. He shut and locked the doors, the men withdrew by the back door, and he threw red pepper on the hot stove. The ladies nearly suffocated, but they stood it bravely. They could not sing after the opening hymn, their throats smarted so, but there was no let up to the prayers, for when one voice failed another began. The people outside smelled the pepper a full square off, hunted S. up, and compelled him to open the doors. There is much excitement to-day; no

one knows what S. will do next, but the ladies will never be driven away."

Minnie's "Temperance Marseillaise" Hymn—page 93—written for a Painesville choir, was published as sheet music by Brainard and Co., Cleveland, and was taken up with enthusiasm all over the State, helping very materially at the mass meetings. "Our Star Spangled Banner,"—page 95—was also a factor of the general work.

Minnie's interest in the temperance work never ceased; she was active in the Young People's Temperance Society, and helped the cause in every way possible, and when her mother took on National work, she was department secretary till her death.

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS.

I N response to a birthday letter from her grandmother, Minnie wrote in March, 1876:

“DEAR GRANDMA:—I can hardly realize that girlhood’s teens are all behind me forever; it seems a great leap to take, with no visible reason. I don’t *feel* a bit older than I did five years ago, and not half as wise. If I only knew more, or could do more, I shouldn’t mind; but sometimes I think I take up more room in the world than I am worth. However, I do believe God has special work for each one of His children, and if we are patient, doing all the small duties meanwhile, He will prepare us for it and show it to us in His own good time.

“It may be He has nothing for me except little humble, daily duties all my life; and if so, and I can do them as I ought, I am content.

I only want to do and be just what He desires, and *anything* that will help me to that will be welcome.

“The ‘serious discipline’ of which you speak as having been mine for so many years, does not seem dreadful to me, looking back upon it; it was but the shadow of God’s hand, and whom He loveth He chasteneth. The thought that the reason for my being afflicted more than many others *may* be because He loved me more, though I hardly dare think it can be true of myself, thrills me with its strange sweetness every time I think of it.

“I think — I am *sure*, that if it would be better for the growth of my soul, and I could serve Him best in that way, I should be willing and glad to ‘suffer and be still’ all my life. For I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus; and isn’t it blessed to think how His love covers all failures, and supplements all our feeble efforts, and that, as our pastor says, ‘It is easier to please Him than any earthly friend we have.’

“In reading of the many revivals all over

the country now, I love to think how many thousands of hearts are today rejoicing in a strange, new, abiding happiness, who three months ago were restlessly tossing on the waves of worldliness and trouble; and that this God is *our* God forever and ever, makes a wonderful bond of union between us and all the world.

“I have taken a class in Sabbath school, and enjoy it very much, though getting up and down stairs is hard work.

“Your loving granddaughter,

“MINNIE.”

On a similar occasion the following year, she wrote:

“Thanks for another birthday letter. What I am most grateful for in it is the assurance you give that you pray for me so frequently. It is the most precious gift I could ask from any one. I more and more believe in the power of prayer, and cannot help but think the aged children of God, with their greater depths of experience and faith, and their long years of loving service to the Lord rising up before Him as sweet

incense, must be able to offer more effectual prayers than the younger disciples; and that they themselves are nearer His heart, as they are to His many mansions. I cannot tell, of course, whether I shall ever recover my health; it hardly looks as probable as it did a year ago, but I am in His hands, and quite content to leave it to Him. If I may only serve Him acceptably through everything, it will be all I shall wish.

“Lovingly yours,

“MINNIE.”

After this she endured a long and severe siege of sickness, then came up again smiling, and wrote to grandma: “I want to add a few lines myself to show that I am really better. I have been able to discontinue those disturbing opiates, and suffer little now, except from nervousness; appetite is returning, and I begin to sit up. I have mourned most for my necessary absence from the dear girls of my Sabbath-school class, and from church, which is no small trial; but I should indeed be a dull pupil if I had not learned to say, ‘The will of the Lord be done.’”

In 1879 necrosis again laid her aside, and when once more able to attend church, her letters tell of the new Sabbath-school class of nine bright boys, whose activities, mental and physical, taxed all her powers, but whose hearts she held, and whose souls, by all suitable devices coupled with prayer, she was seeking to train for the kingdom. She says: "I enjoy the work both for its own sake and the Master's, whose one command after the 'Lovest thou me?' was, 'Feed my lambs.'"

Later she tells of the Chautauqua circle of fourteen she had helped organize and conduct, and to whose work, with related studies, she gave three hours a day. Again: "I am very busy among the girls, working up the organization of a Young Woman's Missionary Society, and soon we shall have the big convention here. I am unusually anxious to keep well, there is so much I want to do." In March, 1880, she wrote to a cousin: "Shall I give you last week's program as a sample of what the winter has been?"

"On Sabbath, four services—two sermons, Sabbath school, and young people's meeting; Monday night, meeting of the Chautauqua Circle;

Tuesday night, a tea party; Wednesday, church social; Thursday morning, public examinations at the seminary; evening, church prayer meeting, followed by teacher's meeting; Friday evening, normal class; and Saturday afternoon, Mission Circle. All these I attended, remember. I especially enjoy the Biblical studies in the Chautauqua course. The Bible seems like a new book to me, thanks to this course and our pastor with his normal class."

To a sister, in March, 1877, she writes: ". . . . Do pray for me every day as I do for you. If we could always feel as we do sometimes, so close to Jesus that His love fills our very souls, and makes us glad and strong enough for anything, there would not be so much need of it; but sometimes the clouds shut down and hide His face, and we just have to cling to Him by faith, and *trust*. We are too apt to depend on feeling instead of faith, and the Lord doesn't think best for us to *stay* on the mountain tops, if they are pleasant. I do try to serve Him through everything. I improve in health slowly; this illness has been so much longer and more severe than any for several years, I cannot expect to gain rapidly, but I am

in such a hurry to get strong and be out again. It has been a greater trial than usual this time on account of music; one's voice gets out of practice so easily.

"It was a great trial that I was not strong enough to sing in the concert by our great Choral Union, for which I had prepared; but I could not give up hearing it, as I had begun to sit up, so my dear, big brother carried me into church in his arms; and I cannot begin to tell you how I enjoyed it. It was grand."

For several years she not only taught in the home Sabbath school, but also taught and sang in the summer afternoons in a neighborhood school on her own street. In April, 1876, she says: "Our Mentor Avenue school opens again next week; we have got everything in readiness and expect a better school than ever. We hate to give up young people's meetings, which grow larger and more interesting, but five services a day are too much—at least, for me. Teaching two classes is quite fatiguing, but I can't bear to give up the church school, and really seem needed here. I enjoy both." The "we" included the "big brother" aforesaid, who was always her devoted ally and help.

CHAPTER IX.

HER LATER YEARS.

THE years 1880-81 were heavily clouded, though Minnie could always see the silver lining of God's love. For months she was herself laid aside, a part of the time unable even to beguile her nerves with reading; the dear grandmother Cowles, whose eighty years had not dulled the vigor of brain or warmth of heart, exchanged this world for a heavenly, and Minnie felt bereft; and in August her own precious father, after months of waiting, passed through the sunset gates into glory.

There was a remarkably strong tie between Minnie and the dear father, who for twelve years had been unwearied in his efforts to relieve the tedium of her invalidism and turn the cross into a blessing, and the loss was ever after keenly felt. Those months of waiting had been months of blessed communing, and earth could not fill

the void. A new tie bound her to heaven and a new impulse was given to her Christian life.

We extract from her letters written February 1881, to her sister at Oberlin: "Do be careful about overdoing. Keep well, if possible, but keep happy anyway. Above all things don't get blue, even if the flesh is weak. *Will* power cannot always prevent this, but God can; I have learned that myself this winter. It almost always comes from looking at one's self and the future. Look to Christ and trust Him for *today*, and it will be all easy. Don't you remember the recipe in your album ?

"Build a little fence of trust
 Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work
 And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
 Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes,
 Of joy or sorrow."

"I have three cures for the blues: 'Do something for somebody,' 'Tell God everything,' and my last year's motto-text, 'Looking unto Jesus.'

Our pastor's sermon yesterday was about happiness—the difference between *being* happy and *feeling* happy, and the duty of the former even if the latter was impossible. . . . I have not been out of bed in seven weeks, and write now in great weakness." In a letter to a friend a little earlier she says: "It has been and is a little trying not to be able to read or think much, and the outlook for the future in regard to strength is not encouraging, but I have only to live one day at a time, and most of my days are happy. Any where, any how, any *what*—so that it is work for the Master; and I read yesterday that 'well *waited* is well done.' Sometimes I think it possible that I may slip away after a little, but I don't dare think of it much; I don't want to get homesick before the Lord wants me to come. I don't think it is *mere* waiting now; at least, if I am not learning anything, it is not because the Lord does not try to teach me."

May 10 she wrote: "Yesterday was Sunday, and as I lay in the hammock (for my life is divided now into hammock days and non-hammock days, when I am shut in,) the orioles and golden wrens were flashing in and out of the blossoming plum trees against the blue sky, and

made a picture for an artist — only he could not depict motion, still less song and fragrance. I don't believe an angel straight out of heaven could have helped enjoying yesterday, even if 'earth is a desert drear.' It was all the lovelier for being Sunday; the 'odor of sanctity' mixes with the cherry blossoms, and it is more God's world on His day always. Today it is too cool to be out, but this minute I see a fat, self satisfied robin under my window, gathering his bill full of dried grass while keeping one eye on me to see what I am going to do about it. I am getting on famously, and am actually planning for a ride next week."

The years as they went by were happy years, mostly filled to the brim with healthful activities. She was occasionally laid aside for a few weeks or months by the old disease, but was comparatively well between the lapses, and by surgical help was enabled to walk with small outward token of her disability. Croquet, in which she excelled, gave her outdoor exercise; she cared for her flowers and canary bird, was the centre of home life, shared the pleasure of a large circle of young friends, where her influence was

felt in a fuller and more aggressive and self-denying discipleship.

She was a great reader of books and book reviews, and kept herself informed on all the great movements and questions of the day. Music, and especially singing, had always afforded her intense enjoyment, and with returning health her strong, sweet voice had received special training, and for years she had been permitted to serve the great congregation in the choir, and take special musical parts elsewhere. She greatly enjoyed the Greek Club, of which she wrote playfully:

“They study and argue, they talk and they laugh,
Unstayed by the wind or weather,
And politics, Plato, religion and life
Are straightened out together.

“Never a problem so deep and grave,
Or a verb so hard as to beat them;
And Socrates’ search for the wise had ceased
If he had but happened to meet them.”

Her studies always claimed a large share of her time, and her gift of song was carefully cul-

tivated. Her poems were eagerly welcomed by the religious papers, her own modest estimate of their worth being expressed in "Undertones" — page 90. Yet she says:

"Springtime and morning may not hide their joy,
How shall I still my eager heart from singing?"

This suggests that one great charm of her life was its perennial undercurrent of gladness, always ready to bubble up in a spring of pleasure.

This happiness was partly due to temperament, more to self-control—to her determination to look always for the bright things instead of indulging in self-pity, and most of all to her religious life. This was not a punctilious discharge of duties, but indwelling *love*. The Bible was to her "juicy and meaty," and she never tired of it, drawing her own lessons, as in "Going to Rome." Religious writers like Miss Havergal and others helped to feed her soul. Failures, short comings, sins and wanderings sometimes marked her pathway as they do that of others, and bore fruit in greater self-distrust, humility, watchfulness and repentance, and she was comforted because in it all Jesus loved her.

In 1884 Minnie went as delegate to the Woman's Board of Missions meeting, held in connection with that of the American Board at Columbus. Though late in reaching there, from illness, her full letters show keen enjoyment. Exhausted by travel, the first meeting she attended was that of the Woman's Board, "caring more for that than for any other meeting." To see the officers she knew so well through "*Life and Light*," and hear some of the missionaries too, was a rich treat, and she says: "I am so glad I came!" She was enthusiastic over the regular Board meetings, adding: "I enjoyed especially the speeches of young Dr. Scudder, going out as missionary, and President Mark Hopkins, the personification of venerable goodness. Mary and I had the pleasure of a few words for ourselves from him after the meeting."

A twenty-fifth anniversary reunion of the First Congregational Church of Columbus occurring at this time, all the former pastors were present, and Minnie enjoyed the gatherings and social visits with old friends, and especially those with her childhood's pastor, Dr. Goodwin, now of Chicago, whose sermons, prayers and conversations were very inspiring to her. She closes:

“Every one is so kind and cordial, I should be afraid of having my head turned, only that I was feeling so disconsolate just before I came that I think it is good for me. It always agrees with me to be happy, you know, and, in spite of physical reasons for not feeling well, such as new bone trouble and going more than usual, I am really improving in health.”

CHAPTER X.

THE TRANSITION.

IN 1885 Minnie's two younger brothers were brought to death's door with typhoid fever; and Minnie had a light attack of the same, but complicated with her old enemy, necrosis. She had so many times returned from the portals of another world, it was almost taken for granted she would rally again; but, contrary to expectations, both brothers recovered, and Minnie passed beyond the veil. Her enjoyments had been intense, like her sufferings; she had come to look forward to years of happy usefulness, and life looked desirable, with the one drawback often expressed—the fear of out-living her mother, as she had her father.

She cheerfully joined a prayer circle for her recovery, and when her pastor inquired what special gift he should ask of God for her, she told him of it and asked him to join the others. He replied with the query: “What is really

the bottom wish of your heart about recovery?" "Oh," she answered, "I would so much rather go home to Jesus than live the suffering life that seems before me; but it wouldn't be loyal to those who are praying for my recovery, and I think Jesus wants me to live, and His will is mine. You don't think it would be right to ask God to take me home now, do you?"

"Certainly I do, if you ask in a submissive spirit; it is what he invites you to do," he said. On finding that mother, too, counted it her privilege, she eagerly prayed that she might be taken home, unless it was in the Lord's plan to make her truly well, adding that if she could glorify Him better by a life of suffering, she would take it cheerfully. The prayer was speedily answered, and she faded from our sight; illustrating her own paraphrase of one of Longfellow's translations:

"Softly stealing, come, O Death!
That thy touch I may not feel;
Lest the joy of ebbing breath
Heal the wound thy hand shall deal."

For days she seemed to hover in a border-land, where Heaven was real and earth unreal.

She seemed wholly sane and ready to converse, but preferred to be left undisturbed, for she said: "The angels are with me all the time, and we have such good talks; but when you speak we have to stop." She described a choir of little children that visited her repeatedly; sometimes "playing and having fun, to show me what good times children have in heaven," and often singing for her. "Jesus' Child," she said was her favorite.

Once she broke the stillness by saying: "Isn't that delightful music? Surely, mother, you can hear that!" I asked her who was singing, and she said: "It is a male quartette; they are singing 'Victory.' I never heard such music before." Later she said: "Mother, hear the music; they are coming for me — so many of them — now — quick — help me go."

She was unconscious of earthly things the last twenty-four hours, and passed away as gently as the light of day. To quote from her own poem, "Beyond":

"What wonder blossoms on my sight!
The rifted clouds were gates of light,
And level glories broad and sweet
Spanned the dark waters to my feet!

One far ship, like a white-winged soul,
Sailed in that pathway to the goal.

Oh, gates of glad surprise,
For sunset-turning eyes,
Oh, happy soul that sped away
And vanished in the skies."

In the pastor's absence, Dr. Ferguson, an old family friend, drew for the assembled friends at the funeral these beautiful and suggestive lessons :

"This place is holy, made so by the life and death of a saint of God. She came into the kingdom by the way we ought to pray and expect our children to come, by growth. She came the same way to her gift of song. While yet a child, she began the long battle with disease, which could have but one end. She was weaned from the world, yet had a happy life, a serene and joyful face, an illumined face. She was busy to help others and do the work of the Kingdom. She was ready this long while to go, but also ready to bear all God's will. She left no last words, we had no need of them ; she has left us a priceless legacy — a remembered life, living evidence of Christianity, an abiding

influence greater than that of others not invalid, and by her songs she 'being dead yet speaketh.'

"Other lessons come to us from the easy transition of this songful spirit; from the comfortable thought that death is robbed of terror. He 'turneth the shadow of death into morning;' from the painless life into which she has entered, where 'the inhabitant shall not say I am sick,' 'neither shall there be any more pain,' Heaven seems near and the door stands open for us."

At the next communion season her pastor held a commemorative service, at which three of her poems were read as illustrating her religious life. They were: "The Face of the Lord," "His Dwelling Place," and "Jesus our Strength."

Minnie's oldest brother, living at St. Paul, was detained from the funeral, and in a letter paid this tribute to her helpfulness: "For years she has been more to all of us than we could be to her, and a perfect miracle of sweetness and patience through all her sufferings. This has been a constant lesson to us, showing always and unmistakably the assistance of her Savior to bear her burdens. My memory is crowded with lovely reminiscences of her."

One of her young friends wrote: "Her living was so nobly done that every one she touched was lifted up and made better. I don't think I ever saw her at home or away, without being benefited." "Minnie's life," another writes, "was a constant inspiration to me; she was so helpful in our young ladies' meetings and in church work — so kind and so utterly unselfish! I thank God it was my privilege to know and love her."

From others we quote: "Made perfect through suffering: what a triumph of faith!" "She sees the King in His beauty, and herself rejoices in the beauty of holiness." "Her case has helped in our church prayer-meetings and Bible school, as we have tried by her to illustrate Christian character and Christian living. She remains yet a blessing in the earth."

From the press notices of her death, we quote from the *Oberlin News*: "Minnie was well known here; seventeen years of suffering invalidism had not prevented her from acquiring rare intellectual culture, while her sunny Christian life attracted and blessed all who knew her. The gift of song has made her name familiar to readers of religious papers for many years,

and the family, the church, and all good work sustain a loss in her death."

Christian Statesman: "A beautiful soul has lately passed over into the fuller life of the better country. Such rare powers and lovely spirit are helpful and stimulating to our young people, and her removal is a loss to the cause of Christ and our country."

Union Signal: "The pearly gates opened wide to let in a beautiful spirit—the daughter of our National Superintendent of Sabbath Observance. For years a suffering invalid, her hand and brain and heart were ever busy about her Father's business. Confined to a sick-room, no narrow walls circumscribed her interest and her influence. She felt every throb of the great world's heart, and responded to every call for sympathy. From that sick room sounded sweet strains—singing of devotion, of courage, and of faith; some of her poems the world will not willingly let die. She enters Heaven with heart perfectly attuned to its harmonies, while the echo of her songs and the influence of her life still bless the earth."

Dr. Goodwin, referring to their Columbus visit, writes: "I was charmed exceedingly with

Minnie's testimony. I felt that she had come into an experience very unusual with most invalids—of having conscious victory all the way. She not only appreciated Scripture teaching as being true; she *knew* and *felt* the truth as wrought out in herself. She impressed me as having a most unusual grasp of faith; as walking in very close and sweet fellowship with the dear Lord. She expressed no wish for restored health—counting it a boon long since denied, and counting it all joy to suffer for His sake. Her great longing was to be exactly what the Master would desire, sure that He would fashion her into His own likeness. She seemed a beautiful illustration of how *nothing*—not life or death or the powers of evil can separate from the conscious embosoming of God's great love; a living and blessed demonstration of how the peace of God that passeth all understanding can keep the heart of the believer, whatever the fiery furnace into which he is thrust."

The following sketch was written by her dearly-loved pastor, Rev. Geo. R. Merrill, of the First Congregational Church, of Painesville, O.:

"Her life seemed a mass of contradictions.

Seventeen youthful years of invalidism, bright and sunny; hopeless and continuous pain, with patience; exclusion, from very childhood, from school and ordinary opportunities for training, and yet a mind rarely cultivated and adorned; apparently the narrowest circle of opportunity, and yet touching a larger world in sympathy and helpfulness than her more favored friends; loving life with a youth's intensity, and yet longing for Heaven with a matured Christian's desire.

"Her mental culture, gift of song, and what is more commonly called the religious life, were so blended together that they may not be separated.

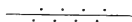
"Set apart, at the age of twelve, to a well-nigh hopeless invalidism, she so used books and friends and nature that few graduates of the schools were her equals in the range and accuracy of her knowledge. She was specially proficient in literature. Her latest study was the Greek tongue, which she entered upon for the sake of coming nearer to the wonderful life which is recorded in it, and she had succeeded in its acquisition to such an extent as to read Plato with keen enjoyment.

“Her earliest literary efforts were published in the ‘Young Folks’ Rural,’ and the ‘Little Corporal,’ but in later years her poems have been familiar to the readers of the ‘Advance’ and the ‘Congregationalist.’ Her songs were all ‘heart songs,’ in which some new experience of her own, or some new impression of truth bubbled forth; their simplicity and reality gave them power to touch the answering chords of other hearts.

“For the impulse of everything, as she confessed and as her friends saw, was that she was a Christian; and no better memorial word could be put above her grave than this: ‘For His sake.’ Her Christian life was exquisitely natural in its unfolding, beginning with her own consciousness of life itself, and the sense of what she owed her Lord impelled her to strongest efforts to make the most of herself, to cultivate and use her gifts, and to make everything that belonged to Him her special care. And so the Bible-school class and the missionary circle, the fortnightly and the normal class, all the work of reform in which her mother was engaged, were taken into her heart and thought for the Master’s sake.

“None can tell what she was at home — at once daughter and younger sister to her mother, mentor and help to younger members of the flock; binding household life most rarely by the patience of her weakness and the humility of love, which were round her like an atmosphere.”

• • • Part Second • • •



SONGS.

SONGS.

PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE.

THEY stand, the regal mountains,
With crowns of spotless snow,
Forever changeless, grand, sublime,
While ages come and go !
Each day the morning cometh
In through the eastern gate,
With trailing robes of pink and gold.
Yet still they watch and wait
For that more glorious morning,
Till that glad message comes,—
“Lift up your heads, ye gates of God,
The King of Glory comes!”

And so they stand, o'erlooking
Earth's trouble, pain and sin,
And wait the call to lift their gates,
And let the kingdom in.

O calm, majestic mountains !

O everlasting hills !

Beside your patient watch, how small

Seem all life's joys and ills !

Beyond, the restless ocean,

Mysterious, vast and dim,

Whose changeful waves forever chant

Their grand, triumphal hymn ;

Now tempest lashed and raging,

With deep and hungry roar,

The foam-capped billows dash themselves

In anger on the shore.

Now wavelets ripple gently

Along the quiet strand,

While Summer sunshine broodeth soft

O'er all the sea and land.

O mighty waves ! as chainless

And free as birds that skim !

There's One who rules the stormy sea,—

Thy song is all of Him !

February, 1873.

CRUMBS.

PERHAPS you have heard, dear children,
Or may hear in time to come,
The quaint old fairy legend
Of little Hop-o'-my-Thumb.
How, waking once in the darkness,
Just before dawn of day ;
He heard his parents talking,
And trembled to hear them say:

“ A woodcutter's life is toilsome,
With very poor wages, too ;
And the children are so many
We know not what to do.
We cannot keep them longer,
For famine is at the door —
We must lose them in the forest,
So they'll come home no more.”

Hop-o'-my-Thumb was the youngest,
But his heart was brave and kind ;
And a plan by which to save them,
Quickly entered his mind.
And so, while the simple breakfast
Of bread — their only fare —
Was soon devoured by the others,
He carefully kept his share.

The woodman went to his labor
By morning's earliest light,
Taking the children with him,
To work in the woods till night.
Hop-o'-my-Thumb was ready,
And followed as he led,
At every step in the pathway
Dropping a crumb of bread.

When deep in the thickest forest,
The father bid them stay
To gather and bind the bundles;
Then quietly slipped away!
At last the sun was setting,
And their father did not come;
So with fear and hunger, sobbing,
They sought the pathway home.

And when the search seemed fruitless,
They listened to Hop o'-my-Thumb,
Who safely led them homeward
By the aid of each little crumb;
Till, just at the close of evening,
Their tired feet reached the door,
Where the mother received them gladly,
And loved them as before!

I think the world is a forest;
While we, like the children, try
To reach the House of Our Father,
His beautiful Home on high!
But we try in vain to gain it,
Till our Elder Brother comes,
And shows the path of duty,
By precious guiding crumbs.
The path is rough and thorny,
Stumble and fall we may;
But the crumbs are here before us,
And we need not miss the way.
There are crumbs of joy and comfort,
Of love and of promise sweet;
Of help for the thorny places,
And strength for our weary feet.
"Thy word is a lamp," says David—
It giveth peace and light;
The crumbs are the Bible verses,
That guide our steps aright.
May we follow their blessed teaching,
Till, the wearisome journey o'er,
We stand in our Father's palace,
Whence we shall go out no more.

March, 1872.

FLOWER LESSONS.

FAR above man's feeble art,
Speaking straight from nature's heart,
Many lessons flowers impart ;
Let us take them to our heart.

In this Golden Lily, see
What gorgeous, regal majesty.
"Mark the lilies !" thus saith He
Who created flowers for me.

"How they toil not, neither spin ;
Yet e'en Solomon the King
Such rich garments could not win
As these lilies glory in."

Here are Roses, sweet and red,
By their breath the bees are fed ;
Queen of flowers, 'tis truly said ;
Loved and fragrant e'en when dead.

Next a wild-woods Violet
Nestling 'mid the green leaves wet ;
Blue and bonny little pet,
Though transplanted, humble yet.

So my Fuschia, full of grace,
Droops its white and crimson face ;

Showing never pride of place
In its stately garden vase.

Purple Pansies 'neath the trees,
With their smiling faces please.
Cheering others, as do these,
We may find our true heartsease.

Immortelle comes last of all,
Varied blossoms, large and small;
By name and habit, thoughts they call
To eternity, that waits for all.

February, 1871.

THE MESSAGE.

THE sky was overcast with sullen clouds,
And though at times the sun shone faintly through,
Yet the March winds were keen, and here and
there
The snow still rested on the cold brown earth.

I lay within the chamber, hushed and dark,
While the dull pain beat through my fevered brow,
And in the body's weakness half forgot
The Father's sheltering arm and loving smile.

Remembering not His mercy of the past —
The blessings that had brightened all my life —
But thinking only of the troubles now,
The weariness and disappointed hopes;
And mindless of the promises so sure,
I murmured sad — the Winter is so dark,
And Spring comes not !

A hand upon the door —
Two pattering feet stepped softly to my side —
Two bright child-eyes gazed gladly into mine —
And then the little hand unclasped and laid
A blue Spring violet upon the bed.

A "smile of God !" The quick tears filled my
eyes,
As, breathing in the odor faint and sweet,
I held it close and kissed its friendly face,
Listening to catch the message He had sent.

O faithless heart ! If this brave flower could lift
Its fragile head above the wintry snow —
Sure that the faithful Spring was coming soon,
Could'st thou not trustful wait His own good time ?

March, 1874.

BABY BROTHER.

LYING asleep on the sofa,
Innocent, fresh and fair,
And the sunbeams through the window
Lighting his golden hair.

The deep blue eyes, so often
With mischief sparkling bright,
Are wearied now, and hidden
By drooping lids of white,

While rest the long brown lashes
On th' plump and dimpled cheek,
And the rosy lips are parted
As if about to speak.

Stirring a bit in his slumber,
A smile flits o'er his face;
The sweet dream-thoughts of a baby
No mortal can ever trace.

"Of such is the kingdom of heav'n,"
And Jesus loves them so!
With a love more pure and changeless
Than we can ever know.

June, 1871.

BIRDIE.

SLENDER, graceful, quick and neat,
Bright black eyes and dainty feet!
You have heard the wild birds sing
O'er the meadows in the Spring ;
You have seen a sunbeam fall,
Golden yellow, on the wall.
Music in a beam of light—
That's our birdie, Bobbie Bright !

In his cage he sits and sings,
In the sunshine swings and sings ;
First a low, clear, mellow note
Ripples from his swelling throat ;
Faster, stronger, runs along
To a burst of joyous song.
Standing tip-toe in the rush —
Quivering in the eager gush —
Ripple, warble, trill and call,
How the sweet notes rise and fall !
One clear whistle, then a pause ;
Now he's waiting for applause.

Birdie's like some choirs I've heard ;
Though he sings to praise the Lord,
Keeps a sly lookout below —
Wants to have us listen, too,

Diving briskly from his seat —
Have you seen canaries eat ?
Bobbiecracks a seed with skill,
Whisks it round with tongue and bill ;
Down on each side falls the shell.
Don't you think he does that well ?

Birdie likes his bathing-dish,
Takes to water like a fish ;
Ducks his head and flirts his tail,
Wet, more wet, as sings the quail.
Spatter! how the water flies !
Does he shut his round, black eyes ?
Glittering diamonds set in gold
Down his yellow back are rolled.
Jolly fun it is, I know.
Doesn't your bird do just so ?

Blithsome Birdie, free from care,
Every day to him is fair ;
In his cage he sits and swings,
Cloud or sunshine, swings and sings.
God will furnish drink and seeds ;
Everything that Birdie needs.
When it grows too dark to sing
He tucks his head beneath his wing.

Just a soft, round, fluffy ball
Of faith and feathers, that is all.
He is wiser than he seems.
Good night, Birdie ; pleasant dreams !

April, 1875.

OUR TWIN OAKS.

ON the brow of a gentle hill, near a growth of other trees, stood two twin oaks. Scores of years had passed since the two little acorns found a resting-place in the soft, green sod ; and the twin trees had grown up together, side by side, stretching out their arms to each other, and inter locking them, until they stood in full strength and beauty, extending their sheltering branches protectingly over a pretty white cottage that nestled beneath.

The birds built their nests in the branches, and filled the air with rippling bursts of melody through the pleasant Spring mornings. The lively red squirrel had her home there also, and ran up and down their gray, old trunks, gathering her winter store of acorns.

In the summer the children played on the

grass below them, or, sitting on the rustic seat, gazed dreamily up into the branches, watching the sunshine which flickered through the dancing leaves, forming fantastic shadows and shimmering patches of light, which were continually changing as they looked.

Then when the Autumn came, and their glossy leaves changed to russet brown, and one by one loosened their hold of the parent stem and fluttered slowly to the ground, and the bare branches swayed and moaned in the cold, north wind, the beautiful snow fell softly, draping them all in its pure, white mantle. Thus in sunshine and shadow the years passed away, and in each one the twin oaks raised their heads a little nearer to the blue sky, and twined their arms a little closer together ; and they rejoiced in their growth, whispering to each other of their happiness.

But a sad change came. One bright, winter morning, as they looked down at the quaint home which they sheltered and watched over, they saw little puffs of blue smoke curling up from the roof, soon increasing in volume, and rolling upward a thick, dark mass, with here and there bright flames darting through, like

lightning in a thunder-cloud. The poor trees swayed back, as if with a vain effort to escape from the spot, but the flames, bursting from the windows, surged up with the smoke among the boughs, lighting myriads of tiny torches of the trembling twigs, while the fierce, scorching heat burned deep into their breasts. Before long the pretty cottage was burned to ashes, and the two sheltering trees were dead.

In the early spring time, when the other trees blossom out in their fresh, green robes, and through the bright summer, when they rejoice in their life and beauty and the gladness of the sunshine, the twin oaks lift their charred and blackened arms toward the Heavens, as if still appealing for the help that never came. And the pitying breezes, as they gently sway the dead branches, sigh and moan as if lamenting the cruel fate of the sister trees. They were lovely and beautiful in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

June, 1871.

THE LEGEND OF INNISFALLEN.

THE Abbot of Innisfallen

Arose from his couch to pray,
Or ever the first faint flush of dawn
Stole over the twilight gray.
While the peace of the great night-angel
In the air was still abroad,
And no world clamor could jar the wings
That lifted his soul to God.

Oh, fair on Killarney's water,
The isle like a blossom lay,
And fair in its bosom the abbey walls
Rose up with their turrets gray.
But the inner soul of the beauty
Illumined the chapel air
When the sunrise streamed through the oriel
pane
On the Abbot's morning prayer.

But once, ere the golden dawning,
The low words died away,
For a strange song rose on the outward air,
And the monk could no longer pray.
In vain he murmured an *ave*
And pressed to the shrine more near ;

His soul was drawn with a mystic spell,
And he could not choose but hear.

“The sweet, sweet voice is calling,
It calleth my soul to greet!”

And forth in the hueless morning
He hurried with trembling feet.

“I must gaze on the soul that singeth,
Though angel or friend it be.
May Christ who was tempted himself on earth
Have pity, and pardon me!”

He saw in the dusky twilight,
A beautiful, snow-white bird;
The air glowed softly around its wings,
And thrilled as the music stirred.
Slowly it flew before him,
And the Abbot followed on.
Scant choice have the feet but overtake
When the eyes and the heart have gone.

And now through the silent forest,
And now by the silver lake,
O'er moor and meadow he followed still,
Through desolate fen and brake.
And if it were noon or evening,
If moments or years went by,

The monk knew not while he heard beyond
The voice of that melody.

But at last the abbey turrets
Rose up to his sight again ;
He thought of his uncompleted prayer,
And the glamour cleared from his brain.
But the walls are old and crumbling !
And the ivy grown so high
He can scarcely see the oriel pane
Where he watched the morning sky !

And why are his limbs grown feeble ?
His hands so thin and seamed ?
And what are the locks like flying snow,
Which over his shoulders streamed ?
He entered the chapel doorway,
But the porter's face was strange ;
Each passing form and familiar scene
Had suffered a wondrous change.

And never a monk in the abbey
Could tell his face or his name ;
But an aged man from his quiet cell,
With tottering footsteps came.
“ When I was a boy,” he murmured,
“ They whispered the story o'er,

How the father Anselm vanished away,
And they saw his face no more."

"It was I," said the trembling Abbot,
While the startled monks were dumb ;

"O, give to me absolution now,
For I know my hour has come."

They gave him the holy wafer,
And reverent laid him down
Where the light fell soft on his wrinkled brow,
Like a gold and opal crown.

Then his breath came faint and fainter,
And the awe-struck watchers heard
The low, sweet call from the casement ledge
Of a strange and beauteous bird.

It perched on the couch of waiting ;
The bells of the abbey tolled,
Then two birds rose to the azure sky,
And the monk lay still and cold.

Oh ! what is the ancient legend,
But the story of life for each ?
To follow forever a shining hope
That beckons beyond our reach.
But I think when we fall a-weary,
And the long pursuit is past,

The beautiful vision we sought so long
Will stoop to our hand at last.

December, 1882.

THE LIFE BUILDING.

How great the task a worthy life to build !

Each young heart hears the warning : “ Plan
with care ;

Build wisely lest, thy purpose mis-fulfilled,

Thou seek in vain to make a late repair ! ”

A brain untaught by years — a hand unskilled,

The slender tools to found, unflawed and fair,

A tower of strength the tempest shocks to
bear ; —

So hard the task a perfect life to build !

O, thou great Architect, whose least designs

Grow to creation, plan my life for me !

Sign with Thy Name of power the contract lines,

And but the humble laborer I will be,

Whose daily toil beneath a wise command

Works out the pattern in the Master's hand.

March, 1881.

UNDERTONES.

I HEAR earth's master-songs, sublimely sweet ;
The morning larks, to unknown glories spring-
ing,

Pour out upon the twilight world below
The vision of their eyes in raptured singing ;
And nightingales, in moon-enchanted groves,
Wide to the night their passionate hearts are
flinging.

Yet sparrow songs along the wayside path,
Whose simple notes small outward grace can
borrow,

Bring also sunlit messages from heaven,
And weary passers, burdened with the morrow,
Glean from the joyful accents hope and cheer,
And half forget the heavy care and sorrow.

I know the world is full of vivid bloom —
That purple passion-flowers with mystic story
Mount ever towards the sky ; that roses burn
Red with the glow of Love's swift oratory,
And tall, white lillies stand up in the sun,
Pale prophets in the strength of stainless glory.

But are no violets clasped with tender hands
Where gold and ruby cups the tulip raises ?

When all the June-kissed roses light the earth,
 Is there no room for buttercups and daises?
 May God not hearken 'mid the grander notes
 To hear the wood anemone's low praises?

Oh, grant another brown bird leave to sing!
 Although no azure flight of tireless winging
 Uplift the notes, nor darkness wrap them round,
 Its deeper tones of grief-born sweetness bring-
 ing;
 Springtime and Morning may not hide their joy.
 How shall I still my eager heart from singing?

I pray you, friendly ones, for room to grow,
 Though small the beauty there may be for
 showing,
 And if no simple child or burdened soul
 May find the floweret fair beyond my know-
 ing,
 Perchance the Lord who planteth every seed
 May smile to see the folded blossoms growing.

May, 1879.

A FORETASTE.

[A few very warm days in the middle of winter.]

THE Heavens are blue above us,
Though the earth is brown below ;
The sun shines bright on the rippling stream,
And the breezes softly blow.

They breathe on my weary forehead,
And play with the fluttering hair,
Whispering soft, to my longing heart,
Of the future Spring, so fair.

The elm-trees feel in their branches
The touch of the sunny noon,
And drowsily murmur, swaying soft,
“ Art thou come, sweet Spring, so soon ? ”

My crocuses, deeply hidden,
Do you think the winter gone ?
Do you feel through the brown earth's bosom
The wooing kiss of the sun ?

O, trust not his call alluring,
But patiently wait below,
Lest your fair young heads be covered deep
With the cruel, wintry snow.

O grass, 'neath the warm sun greening,
The Spring is not coming yet !
The cold wind swept thee not long ago,
And can'st thou so soon forget ?

O trees, wake not from your slumbers !
Wee buds, do not swell so fast !
This is but a hint of the future Spring,
Too early and sweet to last.

And yet, though again the morrow
Its wintry storms may bring,
My heart will be glad and thankful still,
For this one sweet taste of Spring.

And when earth's winter is over —
Though it long may be and late —
The glad new springtime will surely come ;
Be patient, my heart, and wait.

TEMPERANCE MARSEILLES HYMN.

[Written, at the request of Capt. Kilbourne, for the Painesville Temperance Singers, and sung by the people of Ohio during the Crusade in 1874.]

YE friends of Temperance, rouse to duty !
Heed now the call that bids you rise :

The wives and mothers earnest pleading—
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall selfish men, vile mischief breeding—
A heartless liquor-dealing band—
Afflict and desolate the land,
While pure and loving hearts are bleeding?

CHO.—Arise, ye friends of truth!
Gird on your armor bright!
Work on, work on, all hearts resolved
To conquer in His might!
Pray on, pray on, and God will give
The victory to the Right.

March on! the battle is Jehovah's!
Our Leader calls us on today;
His arm is strong, our cause will triumph;
Then let us work and strive and pray
Till this dark curse be swept away.
Our enemies will yield before us,
Their work of sin and ruin cease,
And homes be blessed with love and peace,
For God and Right shall be victorious!

CHO.—Arise, then, friends of truth!
Gird on your armor bright!

Work on, work on, all hearts resolved
To conquer in His might;
Pray on, pray on, and God will give
The victory to the Right.

OUR STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O FRIENDS, have you seen what a terrible foe
Is draining, corrupting the life of the nation?
How the bravest and best by its power are laid
low,
And peaceful homes blighted with dark desolation.

And how many strong cries
Have gone up to the skies,
That loved ones from danger and sin may
arise?

CHO.—And God in His mercy from ruin will save
“The land of the free and the home of
the brave.”

O patriots, arise! your loved country to save,
Do not stand idly by like an alien or stranger;
For the tyrant Intemperance the land will enslave,
And his chains are on thousands who know
not their danger.

O, be true, brave and strong ;
Though the contest be long,
Our land must be cleansed from this
poisonous wrong.

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

O, thus be it ever, that freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and this sad degra-
dation.

Blest with virtue and peace may our heaven-
favored land
Praise the Power that hath made us a temper-
ance nation.

Then conquer we must,
For our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our
trust."

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

WHERE VIOLETS GROW.

SOME careless word had touched her heart —
And childhood griefs are hard to bear—
An April shower had cleared the air,
And, like the gleam when shadows part,
I heard a whisper soft and low
Break through her tears: “But then—I know
Where violets grow!”

O, happy secret all her own!
Whose hidden wealth of bud and bloom,
Through every grief or passing gloom,
Its sweetness kept for her alone.
And never sorrow overflows,
Or burdens vanquish one who knows
Where heartsease grows.

There is a book whose silent tone
Hath wondrous power to make me glad,
And life is never wholly sad;
I have a secret all my own,
One place—it is not far to go—
“The shadow of a Rock;”—I know
Where violets grow!

June, 1880.

CHILDREN'S SNOW-FANCIES.

- "BESSIE," said little Willie,
 "When yesterday it snowed,
I was looking out for papa,
 And ran far down the road.
- "I thought I saw him coming,
 But 'twas only Mr. Gray,
Who said, 'I guess Old Woman
 Is picking geese today.'
- "So snow must be geese-feathers,
 Though I'm sure I do not know
Why, if it is but feathers,
 They always call it snow?"
- "No, that's not it," said Bessie;
 "I watched it for an hour,
And what I think it looks like
 Is fairies sifting flour.
- "The funny little fairies,
 We read about in books,
I'm almost sure they're sifting,
 So much like flour it looks."
- "But better still," said Mary,
 "Than flour and all such things,

I think it is, to call it
The down from angels' wings."

"Your thoughts are very pretty,
I scarcely think they're true,"
Said Mary's brother Bertie;
"I'll tell you something new :

"Those soft, white clouds of summer
We've often seen, you know,
In little bits have broken,
And falling down, make snow."

"One day I asked my father,"
Said gentle Lily Strong;
"He said it was a blanket
To keep the wheat-plants warm.

"But still I think in Heaven
They must have snow like this;
It is the angels' emblem
Of purity and peace.

"They send it down to show us
That, in our life below,
We should have thoughts and actions
Pure as the falling snow."

November, 1876.

65213A

BEHEADED RHYMES.

[One of a series of poems similarly constructed by the young people in the *Chicago Advance*. The word for the first line of each triplet must fit the second and third lines by dropping the first letter each time. The word for the second line of the last verse is an old English word, somewhat obsolete.]

A PASTORAL.

THE broad fields of —,
In the midsummer's —,
Are golden with promise of plenty to —.
The breezes soft —,
Brings the cattle's faint —,
Its musical sound to the far distance —,

By the brook in the —,
Stand Jane and her —,
With the sunshine around and the willow-
boughs —,
John lingers to —,
Idly twirling his —,
Though there's plenty of work that he ought to
be —.

Her fancy —
The maiden stands —,
A pool in the brook as a clear mirror —,

But bright, merry ——
From under her ——
With love's fire are turning poor John's heart
to ——.

Gazing too, in the ——,
"There's a fine-looking ——,"
Stammers he, feeling much like an overgrown
——,
Trying poetry to ——
While says she with a ——,
"Indeed! can it be that you've just found it
——?"

"But joking ——,
I'll say for my ——,
I never was fond of the flatterer's ——."
"Then let me ——,"
With a soberer ——,
"For I love a sweet maiden, and you are the
——."

"With red lips so ——
My feelings you're ——.
O, do not against me your kind heart be ——!"

Jenny, blushing, is —,
And John listens —
She murmurs, "You know, John, I wish you no
—."

Then his shyness has —,
"Though rough I'm no —,
Will you marry me, darling, and so be my
—?"

While their hearts gladly —,
Jenny smiling says, "—,
If I give you an inch you of course take an
—!"

ANSWERS TO BEHEADED RHYMES.

Wheat. Blowing. Clover. Chat. Amusing.
Flashes. Glass. Spout. Apart. Atone.
Charming. Still. Flown. Swell.

March, 1875.

TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND.

"TAKE hold of my hand," says the little child,
When the way is dark, and the snow is piled
Thick on the path, and the wind is wild;
"Papa, take hold of my hand."

With her fingers clasping his hand so strong,
She bravely and cheerfully steps along,
Having no fear of going wrong,
For papa has hold of her hand.

"Take hold of my hand," says the convert young,
Filled with the love of the Holy One,
Looking for strength to the Saviour alone ;

"Jesus, take hold of my hand."

He will give grace to meet every foe,
Through rivers of sorrow unhurt we may go,
A blessing is promised in weal or in woe,
If Jesus has hold of our hand.

"Take hold of my hand," says the aged one ;
Through the shadow of years she is tottering on,
And her race of life she has nearly run ;

"Saviour, take hold of my hand."

Dim has the earth to her eyes become ;
She eagerly looks toward her heavenly home,
And longingly cries, as the child has done,

"Father, take hold of my hand."

Take hold of *my* hand, O Saviour dear,
Temptation or trial will then cause no fear ;
In joy or in sorrow be Thou ever near,
And never let go of my hand.

For joy is brighter and trouble is less,
And toil is a pleasure and life a success,
If Thou dost still guide us, still comfort and
 bless;

Saviour, hold fast to my hand.

February, 1871.

HOW IT COMES.

I HEAR a robin singing,
Clear, through the falling rain,
Our God is working in the earth,
And Spring is come again.

Do birds and budding maples,
And patient grass and grain,
Know that the Spring comes on through
clouds,
Fierce winds and falling rain?

And shall not God's dear children
Well know, that life's best gain
Must be wrought out thro' weary days
Of patient grief and pain?

Sing on, O happy robin!
Our hearts take up the strain,

For God is working in the earth,
And Spring has come again.

March, 1885.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

THE bright New Year dawns fair and clear,
Undimmed by past or future fear ;
We cannot know if joy or woe
It holdeth for us as we go.

Hid from our eyes its darker skies,
And all the bright a glad surprise —
But on its wings to all it brings
These beautiful and wondrous things:

Some day will go the frost and snow,
And southern breezes lightly blow ;
To brown old earth comes a new birth,
All warmth and greenness, life and mirth ;

Sunlight and showers, and fair Spring flowers,
And bird-songs fill the golden hours
From night till noon — and all too soon
Sweet May slips softly into June.

Then lilies show their silver snow,
And crimson roses gleam and glow,
While one by one the fair fruits turn
Flushed cheeks to kisses of the sun.

On hill and plain the ripening grain
Waves in the summer breeze or rain :
And all the day the mowers' play
Sweetens the air with new-mown hay.

But ah ! the days of bloom and blaze,
When smiles the sun through smoky haze,
When frosts come down and grass is brown,
And royal Autumn takes her crown.

Lighting the land on every hand,
All red and gold the maples stand ;
Till rough winds call, and one and all
The bright leaves float away and fall.

Then — ice and snow, and firelight glow,
Starlight, moonlight, whispers low,
Sleigh-bells clear, and Christmas cheer,
And then — another bright New Year !

January, 1876.

GOLDEN-WEDDING GREETING.

YOUR home is filled tonight, dear friends—
The new home, fair and bright —
With friendly faces, joyful tones,
And loving hearts and light.
And as your outstretched hands are clasped
In greeting warm and true,
Each heart speaks from the earnest eyes,
And says: "God bless you," too.
For all our hearts are full tonight —
Are glad and full for you.

Together you have walked life's path,
And shared its smiles and tears,
Its cares and sorrows, hopes and joys,
For fifty changing years ;
And, as before your gaze tonight
— The past way lies unrolled,
The westering sun breaks o'er the scene,
And lights it all with *gold*.

So, standing on the vantage height
Marked by this golden day,
The blessings of the past shine out;
Its shadows fade away.

Less of life's thorns and briers seem yours,
More of its fruits and flowers;
And, like the dial, you tonight
Mark but the sunny hours.

We know not what of joy or grief
Your future days may fill,
But "Hitherto the Lord hath helped,"
And He will keep you still.
The path leads upward all the way,
And guidance will be given,
Until you step from the home on earth
To our Father's home in Heaven.

November, 1877.

LIFTED UP.

MYRTA E. PALMER, AUGUST 21, 1881, AGED 11.

THE Shepherd guideth His whole dear flock,
As they journey to pastures fair,
And calls to the straying and cheers the faint,
With an ever watchful care.
But the lamb whose faltering feet, perchance,
The wayside thorns have pressed,
He draws to His side with a tender word,
And lifts it up to His breast.

And a loving Father who leads His child,
And looking beyond doth see
The path lead into a rocky waste
Where danger and pain may be,
Will lift him up e'er the little feet
Can stumble or wander wide,
And carry him over in His strong arms,
To the joy on the further side.

And your own darling's beautiful face,
For whose vanished light you grieve,
Already the patient sweetness wore
That only sufferings leave.
And for her dear sake you will smile at length
That the stronger friend she knew
Has lifted her up from the paths of earth,
And keepeth her safe for you.

And since most near to the Shepherd's side,
And freest from vague alarms,
That sheep walks ever whose little lamb
Is held in its kindly arms,
So she who is lifted and you who are led
Need now be little apart,
If you hold but close to His loving hand,
Who carries your child on His heart.

JESUS OUR STRENGTH.

I AM thine, my blessed Lord,
Thou hast died for me.
All I have and all I am
Now belong to Thee.
Give me of Thy heavenly store
Grace to love and serve Thee more.
Let Thy blood, a cleansing flood,
Make me pure and free.

In Thy love and fulness wide,
All my imperfections hide ;
Ever in my heart abide,
All in all to me.

Oft methinks I hear Thy voice —
“ I have died for thee ;
What hast thou today, my child,
Wrought in love for me ? ”
Only little duties done,
Trials borne and victories won ;
Small to show, yet this I know,
They were done for Thee.

Guided ever by Thy love,
All my way is bright !

Burdens Thou dost give me, Lord,
Borne for Thee, are light.
While I closely cling to Thee,
What can harm or hinder me?
Every day a little way
Nearer Heaven and Thee!

So I'll gladly journey on
Toward my heavenly home,
Walking in Thy strength alone
Till the end shall come.
Then, when Thy dear face I see,
This shall be my only plea —
"I have tried, but THOU hast died!
Died, dear Lord, for me."

January, 1874.

THE SOUL'S SUPREMACY.

So now, thou dost withdraw thy fealty,
My Body, trained to do thy master's will,
And all the implements which I have used
Refuse my bidding? Aye; but think not thou
To hold me fettered with thee to the couch!

Thou hast the earth-stain on thee, and the brand
Of servitude; should I, who am free-born —
Whose right it is to rule — submit to thee,
And narrow all my life in four dim walls?

Thou hast the power to seize the pleasant gate
Of outward sight, through which I journey forth
By open casement, or the printed page.
But I have vision of my own, and fields
Of breadth and beauty where I need thee not.

Pains? Yes, I feel the pains; they do but serve
To mind me of thy presence and thy needs.
Thou hast been true of old, and I have grown
Familiar with thy service — none the less,
Thou canst not have the mastery! One link
Alone remains by which I use thee now.
The channel of the brain where thought is born;
Reach not for that or I will cast thee off
Forevermore! No memory abides
Of days before I met thee; but a life
More true and full, more widely free and bright
Than any thy companionship hath brought,
Will follow on the parting. Thou art warned!
I have no fixed, eternal need of thee!

February, 1881.

*A JUNE BLOSSOM.**

In the midst of the fresh, sweet June,
When the earth was wrapped about,
Through the shining day and the starry night,
With growth and gladness and life and light,
With blooming roses and sunshine bright,
The light of her life went out.

Peaceful and still she lay,
Earth and its suffering past ;
With the fair, white brow and the lips caressed
By the touch of the angel that bringeth rest,
The blue eyes hidden — but God knows best,
Safely at home at last.

“As a little child,” she went,
No shadow of grief or fear,
But peacefully, trustfully passed away,
As the sweet, pink apple-blooms fall in May,
Fragile and fragrant and fair as they)
Awaiting the fruitage near.

We laid her away to rest ;
And over the sunny head
Roses bloom through the summer's prime,

* Sister Louise, who left us June 18, 1872.

And soft and low in the fresh springtime
Sweet hyacinth bells, with their silvery chime,
Ring for the fair young dead.

An echo tender and sweet
Of the song the angels sing.
Our ears are holden, or we might hear
The anthem, welcoming glad and clear
To the palace-home and her Father dear,
The daughter of the King.

A crown rests light on her brow,
The beautiful face is bright
With the perfect joy that the ransomed know,
And robes she wears like the shining snow
Falling so tenderly, soft and slow,
Over her grave tonight.

BEYOND.

JUVENTAS.

I RAN along the morning shore,
Where waves were singing evermore;
The sea-birds in the sunny sky,
Like eager thoughts, sprang white and high;
My life was like the rising tide —
Unfathomed, free and wide.

I wondered at the shining sails —
They breathed the swift joy of the gales,
And speeding outward, far and dim,
They slipped beyond the world's bright rim;
What unknown Hope with fairer sign,
Lay on that mystic, azure line?
 Gold sands and glittering bay,
 A present glory lay;
 O foolish, flying ships! I said,
 Why should they sail away?

SENECTUS.

I journeyed by the Western sea;
Gray, cold and vast it seemed to me.
Scarred cliffs rose up to guard the land;
My feet toiled in the yielding sand,
All hue from earth and sky had fled,
For youth and joy were dead.

What wonder blossomed on my sight!
The rifted clouds were gates of light,
And level glories broad and sweet
Spanned the dark waters to my feet!
One far ship, like a white-winged soul,
Sailed in that pathway to the goal.

Oh, gates of glad surprise,
For sunset-turning eyes ;
Oh, happy ship that sped away
And vanished in the skies !

March, 1879.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR MY LITTLE SABBATH-SCHOOL GIRLS.

The bells ring out for Christmas,
With chiming glad and clear,
And happy greetings, gifts and smiles
Are passing far and near.

And it is all for mem'ry
Of one night long ago,
When God's first Christmas gift to earth
Lay in a manger low.

And the best of all the gladness —
The Christmas joy and cheer —
Is still that Christ of Bethlehem
Is living now and here.

He comes to us with blessings
Which cannot fade or dim,
And we will give our heart's best love
A birthday gift to Him.

December 25, 1877.

ON A SILVER CLOCK,

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

HE has two little, shining feet,
And runs the livelong day
As ceaselessly and tirelessly
As if it all were play.

His cricket song above the hearth
Cheers on my every task ;
And information he will give
Whenever I may ask.

That he is "*lettered*" one can tell
By glancing at his *face*,
And all his *works* are widely known
For nicety and grace.

And yet he shows no pride because
Of his most favored *case*,

But ever holds his slender *hands*
Before his modest *face*.

If you would *regulate* your life
To this same cheerful *key*,
Your *hands* move only to good *works*,
Your *time* pass usefully.

March, 1878.

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

We sound a dirge for the heroes brave,
And twine our flowers for the soldiers' grave;
An outward symbol of gifts more dear,
:|| A grateful thought and a tender tear. ||:

Each humble mound hath a living voice,
And under the sorrow our hearts rejoice;
They died that our eyes to-day might see
:|| A land at rest and a people free. ||

All fragrant and fair are the flowers we set
On the green of the soldiers' grave;
Garlands where grief and sad regret,
Gratitude, honor and praise have met,
Proofs of a love which cannot forget —
Slumber in peace, ye brave!

Above in the sunshine, can ye see
The folds of the old flag wave?
Under its sway, from shore to sea,
Lieth the nation, united, free.
Your's and our God's shall the glory be;
Slumber in peace, ye brave!

May, 1880.

SABBATH EVENING.

THE fair, sun-woven vail of light
That screens from earth the infinite
Withdraws beyond the glowing west;
Its fingers light the hills' low crest,
And pure and calm, serenely high,
The still moon climbs the eastern sky.

Earth folds her hands upon her breast,
With heavenward face of peaceful rest.
A far bell lifts her wordless prayer
Through the rapt silence of the air;
And o'er her bends in wide reply,
The unknown depth of starry sky.

Amid these leafy paths of green,
There breathes a Presence all unseen,

Like that which walked the garden-ways
At evening time in Eden days ;
And in the twilight, hushed and dim,
My heart in gladness speaks with Him.

October, 1879.

THE GRACE OF RECEIVING.

To give is highest ; every wakening soul
Feels inward stirrings of its royalty,
And thinks to stand at length with largess
free,

Dispensing to the world its liberal dole ;
And love's most earnest need and utmost goal
Is but to spend itself eternally.

Yea, God, supremest Love, of need must be
"The giving God"—true fountain of the whole.
But souls which fain would give as angels do
Love so can conquer with its mighty touch
That empty hands to the beloved and true
They reach to take, and give the best to
such.

Dear friends of mine, thus can I bring to you
The Lord's "more blessed" and his "inasmuch."

1883.

HIS DWELLING-PLACE.

O CHRIST, my Master and my King!
How can such wonder be —
That Thou the Lord of all the earth
Should'st make Thy home with me?

That not alone in moments rare,
When faith is strong and free,
And love has but to reach her hand
To feel it clasped by Thee;
But day by day, through vexing cares,
Through weak distrust and sin,
Thou dost not leave the humbled heart
Where Thou hast entered in.

If such Thy word, O Friend divine,
And Thou dost love so well,
How must I haste to furnish forth
The house where Thou dost dwell!
How must I strive to banish self,
And worldly sovereignty,
That Thy strong love may widen out
The narrow walls for Thee!

And daily must I guard the door
From envy, fret and strife,

That so a quiet house may hold
The Prince of Peace and Life.
And if no shades of night obscure
The skyward windows free,
The steadfast light of Heaven shall keep
A sunny home for Thee.

O poor and low the vassal's hut,
Yet if Thou reignest there,
Bring in the riches of Thy grace
And make Thy dwelling fair !

May, 1884.

GOING TO ROME.

“That I may have a prosperous journey [or *have my way smoothed*] to come unto you.” Paul's letter to the Romans. “Not knowing the things that shall befall me.”

A BROTHER heart at Corinth,
Warm through the mist of years,
Still pulses through the written words
With human hopes and fears.
He asks a smoothed pathway,
That he may shortly come •
Where hopes and prayers and longing heart
Had gone before : to Rome.

He journeys to Jerusalem,
God's hand to veil his eyes ;
He cannot see the temple mob,
The blows and maddened cries,
The judgment halls where he must stand
To answer for his life,
Nor yet the weary prison years,
With his hot zeal at strife.

• Long days of ocean tossing,
Keen peril, toil and pain,
While sounded ever in his ears
The clanking of his chain.
That anguished night of tempest,
And shipwreck with the day ;
Were these the prosperous journey ?
Was this the smoothéd way ?

Yet in Antonia's castle
An unknown joy should swell,
When in the night the Lord stood by
And lit the prison cell.
And for the hour of shipwreck
That angel word should come :
" Fear not, lo ! God hath given thee all
Who sail with thee to Rome."

He could not see from Corinth
The waiting throng which stands
In dark Melita's isle, to meet
His healing words and hands.
Nor yet the eager Christians,
Far on the Appian road,
Whose loving words new courage bring,
And grateful thanks to God.

And "Paul the aged" in his chains
Should spread the truth in Rome,
With God's own gladness for his strength,
God's sheltering love for home.
O human-hearted hero!
We see thee through the years,
With hearts of rising courage,
And eyes of loving tears.

We also follow after
The Master of us all ;
We, too, go on, "not knowing
The things which shall befall."
We ask a "prosperous journey ;"
There come the tempest shocks.
We pray for smoothed pathways,
But find the thorns and rocks.

Yet we, too, O our brother,
Have found the Lord stand by ;
We hear His "Fear not !" in the dark,
And know the Christ is nigh.
And for our dimmer vision,
Shall Heaven's light make plain
How paths of wider service
Led through the gates of pain.

April, 1885.

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